Charlatans of all descriptions flourished;[2] brotherhoods and sisterhoods and brother-sisterhoods, high thought and low thought, free love and bought love, *Wandervogel, Nacktkulter* and hey nonny nonny. Happy days were there; strange things floated to the surface, stayed a little while exposed, and then were re-submerged, until out of the chaos came no new visage but old familiar lineaments—an aged Field-Marshal, Hindenburg, with cropped hair, heavy moustache and deep, raucous voice. The mountains laboured and brought forth a mountain.

Within Germany, Hindenburg's election as President of the Reich in succession to a shoemaker Socialist, provided a lull; without, it occasioned surprise and some anxiety, but also relief, on the general principle that a visible iceberg is less menacing than unseen mines and torpedoes. The relief was short-lived. With all his seeming solidity, Hindenburg was a shadowy figure, starting up out of the past and temporarily conveying the illusion that nothing had really happened since, as a young lieutenant, he mounted guard outside Versailles, with Bismarck within. He did not meet the requirements, it was not for him to reveal what Germany was trying to say. What connection had he, ancient, raucous Field-Marshal, with wandering Messiahs in blue capes, and the many voices crying 'Heil!'; the many to whom the blue horizon beckoned—Wir wollen wieder ins Blaue? What were *Wandervogel* to him, or he to *Wandervogelt* His part was to make straight the way for another.

The other, Hitler, whose moment had at last come, was a

product of forces outside Hindenburg's range. Poverty and frustration had fired his spirit, weakness made him strong, torments known only to the meek and lowly driven him along. He on honey dew had fed and drunk the milk of paradise; and

[2] See *The Dear Monster* by G. R. Halkett. Herr Halkett gives a detailed account of the career of a certain Muck Lamberty, who in 1921, wearing a blue cape, with great success preached his gospel of *Glut ist Geist*—Ardour is the Spirit—in Thuringia. He was frequently hailed as a Messiah, and only came to grief when, as a result of the free exercise of his own *Glut-Geist,* he laid himself open to charges of sexual promiscuity.